

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

Philosophic and Euphradian

SOCIETIES

OF THE

SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

BY THE

RIGHT REV. STEPHEN ELLIOTT,

Bishop of Georgia.

DELIVERED DECEMBER 4, 1859.

CHARLESTON:

PRINTED BY WALKER, EVANS & CO.,

3 Broad and 101 East Bay Streets.

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ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Clariosophic and Euphradian Societies :

Four and thirty years ago, I took my place behind this mystic stand, to deliver my valedictory to the Society I was then leaving, and my farewell to college life and college friends. And as I stand here once again, memories come clustering thick upon me, and forms rise from their graves and throng around me—forms of venerable men, of loved companions. They bring with them the images of happy days, days that have vanished before me. Since then, a generation has passed away, and the friendly throng which greeted me is dispersed, and nearly all who heard me then, if living still, stray scattered through the world. Those whom I revered with a sacred veneration, and admired with a boy's enthusiasm, and looked at as a child looks at the stars, have gone to their graves, and strangers fill their places. And my own familiar companions, those by whose side I expected to battle with life, and by whose hands I hoped to be carried to my grave, are drifting hither and thither upon the tides of life, and in the storm of action. At such an hour as this, friends of my youth, I cannot pass you by. I must lay my tribute, however unworthy, upon your honored dust, and weave another leaf, however humble, into the chaplet of your fame.

A virtuous man never knows the good he does by his example and his intercourse. It is diffused around him, like perfume scattered on the air, conferring joy and

blessings upon all who approach him. And while his contemporaries feel this power of goodness, the young are moulded by it. Upon them, if he condescends to make them his friends, he deeply impresses himself, and leads them on, insensibly, to virtue and to honor. Such a debt as this do I, with many others for whom I dare to speak, owe to one, who received me when I came here, as his own child, and guided me by his counsel, and honored me with his friendship. 'Tis true he was my father's friend, the hereditary friend of my family, but that was not his only motive. The venerable De Saussure was the friend of all the young, and he cherished them for the comfort of his own old age, and for the honor of the commonwealth. He made them ever welcome to his home and to his table. And that home was the centre of high refinement, of practical virtue, of elegant acquirement. At his table were always to be found the honored of the land, himself one of the most honored, a pattern of courtly breeding, combining most happily in himself all that became a Chancellor, the manners of the gentleman, the reading of the man of letters, the learning of the lawyer. His venerable form rises before me now, polished, courteous, lighted with the smile which ever greeted the young, and made honorable by the hoary head of wisdom and of righteousness. His influence is still living in all who came within his circle, and his character is the proud inheritance of the State.

Around this fine specimen of the Carolina judge, there circled a society of which any town might have been proud—a society of gentlemen, of scholars, of lawyers, of statesmen. When you brought together such men as the Notts, and Cooper, and Henry, and Preston, and the Taylors, and Harper, and McCord, and Blanding, and the Elmores, it was a body of no ordinary men that you had

assembled. Large scholarship, diversified learning, breadth of comprehension, and brilliancy of utterance, were combined in them to a remarkable degree. They gave the tone to the social life of the town, and it was reflected upon the young men then preparing for the struggle of life. Well do I remember the influence these men exerted over me by the high standard of learning which they ever maintained, and by the value which they placed upon culture and knowledge. Of all these but one remains still lingering upon the stage, as if to show the young, who had not the felicity of knowing that race of men, in what mould their fathers had been cast. My tongue cannot express the charm which has always hung around the name of Preston, the charm to the young, the charm to the people, the charm to admiring senates. It demands his own felicitous language. None but the swan can sing his own dying note.

It was a memorable period in Carolina's history, when the men who had covered her early days with glory were just passing away, and those who have illustrated her later annals were rising into eminence. Sumter and the Pinckneys were not yet dead. The boys who had been horsed at Westminster, and the lawyers who had studied in the Temple, had not quite disappeared. The bold riders of Lee's legion still lived to fight their battles o'er again. The men who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Marion and Davie were yet lingering on the stage. The statesmen who had pledged their lives and sacred honors to independence were still fresh in the memories of men. Around them had sprung up a crowd of statesmen, of orators, of soldiers, who were crowning their State with a reputation that has never been surpassed. There was a moment when the Union seemed to rest upon Carolina, and that a

moment of deep peril, when she had just, for the second time, grappled with the victorious power of our fatherland. Gaillard, at that moment, presided over the Senate; Cheves filled the chair of the House of Representatives; Calhoun, Lowndes, and Williams were at the head of the all-important Committees of Foreign Affairs, of Ways and Means, of the Military arm. Pinckney commanded the Southern army. Jackson had just laid the foundation of his fame by his Indian campaigns, and was girding on his sword that he might grapple with the heroes of the Peninsula. It was a proud moment for our little State. It was a remarkable combination of intellectual strength and moral firmness. And it was not to terminate with that generation. When they died, or were called to fill higher offices in the gift of a grateful country, they made room for men second only to themselves. When Lowndes yielded up his pure spirit, Hamilton took his place, and although coming before the country under that great disadvantage, soon filled the public eye. Drayton and Legaré were not unworthy successors of Cheves in the representation of Charleston. Smith and Hayne did not permit her banner to be lowered in the Senate. McDuffie stood unrivalled for the earnestness of his enthusiasm, for the closeness of his reasoning, for the power of his philippics. Davis and Preston cast around her solid fame the glitter of wit and the brilliancy of oratory. And these who stood so proudly in the nation's eye were but a part of the highly cultivated men who grew up simultaneously within her borders. Many whose names are scarcely known to this generation, accomplished gentlemen, profound lawyers, men of letters, abounded everywhere. Who that ever sat at a dinner-table with him can forget the brilliant talk, the bitter sarcasm, the keen analysis of Thomas Rhett Smith?

When did there ever breathe a more gallant and accomplished gentleman, “*sans peur et sans reproche*,” than Keating Lewis Simons? The Union has not produced a more profound interpreter of the Constitution than Robert Turnbull. The State was literally overflowing with men, any one of whom was a son of whom his mother might well have been proud.

Whence came these successive generations of cultivated and high-bred men? Has Nature her caprices as well as man? Is she more prolific of greatness at one era than at another? Does she travail with genius at one period, and then pause to recruit her strength at another? 'Tis true that distinguished men in the history of the world have come in groupes, and we have classified them into ages. We speak conventionally of the age of Pericles, of the Augustan age, of the age of the Medici, of the age of Elizabeth, of the age of Napoleon, and we are inclined to ascribe the contemporaneous appearance of so many remarkable men to some peculiar felicity of the times. But is this so? Has not this sudden outburst of genius been rather the culmination of a long course of careful culture, or the creation of some master-spirit, which has kindled into rapid development the latent powers of the mind and of the heart? Napoleon, to take the age nearest our times for an illustration, created its greatness by the magical power of his will. When he first appeared in the army of the Republic, she had been beaten at every point, and it was hard to say on which side military genius was most lacking, on that of the democratic French or the monarchical allies. But how rapidly his eagle eye detected latent genius all around him, and how surely he developed it in every branch of the public service. Consummate generals, learned civilians, distinguished savans, world-

renowned mathematicians and physicists, came forth at once, as if they were *αυτοχθόνες*. Was not all this genius in existence before Napoleon forced it to unfold itself, and yield its glories to the uses of man? And should it not have remained dormant, had he not been made the instrument of starting from their enchanted sleep these warriors, who sprang, full-armed, into the arena to do battle for law, for science, for intellectual culture? This analysis is the one nearest to us, and it is the key to all like mysteries. It is not always an individual who creates; it is just as frequently a principle or a discovery. But whatever may be the exciting cause, it convinces us that there are no such necessities as ages of dullness. An equal share of intellectual power is, most probably, in the world at all times. It only needs a sufficient cause to bring it into play; some stimulus that will awake into earnest competition all the mind that there is among a people. At one period, the wand of disenchantment is placed in the hands of an individual, a Pericles, an Augustus, one of the Medici. At another period, the awakening spell is uttered by a voice issuing from the graves of genius or of inspiration, as when Italy started from her degradation at the disinterment of Greek letters, and the enslaved mind of Europe burst its chains at the word of the everlasting Gospel. In one age, genius is stirred up by some great invention like that of printing, and in another by some mortal struggle such as that in which England was engaged for her constitutional rights, or the colonies for their independence. But these are exceptional instances, and we must find the incentives of ordinary occasions in the influence of a high standard of excellence and in the rough nursing of necessity. When Sir William Follett, who died just when his great abilities and large legal acquirements

were beginning to be appreciated,—too early, alas, for his own fame and his country's reputation—was asked whether he was not hopeless of success, when he looked above him at the crowd of learned men who filled to overflowing the Bar and the Bench, his memorable answer was, "I fear not those; they stimulate me by their example and their attainments. The men I fear are the hungry pack at my heels." And he was right. A high standard before you, a stern necessity behind you, will bring out a development of which neither an individual nor a nation has any conception.

And these were the causes which produced such successive generations of cultivated men in our Carolina. They had before them always the very highest models. The gentlemen of this State who went so ardently and generously into the struggle for independence were not only statesmen and soldiers, but they were scholars. Many of them had been trained in the best schools of Europe, when education in Europe was an uncommon thing. Some of them had grown up in the highest society which England afforded. They gathered libraries, they collected works of art, they lived in the style of the gentlemen of their fatherland. One of the Quineys, of Massachusetts, who visited Charleston in one of the years which immediately preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, speaks, in some of his letters, of the polite culture and luxury of Charleston, as surpassing anything he had seen. "This colony," writes he, "is the petted colony of the Crown, and such is her wealth, and attachment to England, that I fear she will scarcely join in the struggle for independence." This refinement and culture were handed down, and worked themselves deeply into the sentiment of the State. They grew to be the required conditions of success in life, and no one was bold enough to fall short of them. Before a

man could take his place among the leaders of public opinion, he must approve himself to be not only a man of talent, but a man of honor; to be not only stored with learning, but well furnished with integrity and politeness. I do not say that there was not, in many cases, a very mistaken view of honor, and a substitution of mere manners for the true refinement of the gentleman; but making all allowance for this, there was a tone which was opposed to meanness of every kind. And out of these elements there sprang a manly independence of thought, a frank avowal of opinion, a fearless meeting of responsibility, a stern requirement of truth in the individual, which gave to this intellectual culture its highest finish. It was not an individual character merely, it was a State character, and proud am I to say, she yet bears it, and may she perish ere she stain her spotless escutcheon with any dishonor.

But besides this lofty standard of excellence, there was the stimulus of a goading necessity. No States suffered more in the revolutionary struggle than did the Carolinas, and our wealthiest citizens came out of the war utterly impoverished. The finest estates had been devastated, the laborers of our fields had been scattered, fire and sword had done their work of evil, and desolation met the eye on every side. But although exhausted, our people were not disheartened, and with a becoming energy they labored to retrieve their fallen fortunes. Cruel poverty was upon them; a poverty more cruel because it was unaccustomed, and they must give themselves at once to earnest study, not for fame, but for position. Out of this necessity, came the men who bore her banner so high in our second struggle for existence. They entered upon their professions to grapple with men who had studied with Mansfield and the Scotts, or to meet upon the floor of the legislature

the compeers of Jefferson, and Hamilton, and Jay, and the elder Adams. To succeed, they must struggle; to struggle with any chance of equality, they must furnish themselves; to furnish themselves, they must study as men study when bitter hunger presses them, or passionate ambition goads them on. And this was the secret of the abounding excellence which exhibited itself in every quarter of the State.

This inheritance of a high culture and an unstained integrity is yours, young gentlemen. It has made the name of Carolinian honorable everywhere. Wherever you may be, when you name this as your State, you are expected to be a man of culture, of honor, and of refinement. And I rejoice to say, that so far, expectation has not been often disappointed. But I fear me that the spirit of the age has been working upon my dear old mother, and has somewhat sapped the stern principles which have so long distinguished her; that a fast age has been tempting her to try to be fast likewise; that the "*viginti annorum lucubrationes*" have got to be out of fashion; that an early reputation is more coveted than a permanent one; that smartness and readiness of wit are more cultivated than deep learning and patient thought. If so, then farewell to all your greatness, for you are not great in territorial surface, nor great in population, nor great in representation, nor great in wealth. In all these things, many of your sister States are far, very far, before you. You are great in the past, because your fathers were highly cultured men; men who esteemed whatever was elevated and refined; men who compared not themselves among themselves, and were satisfied, but measured themselves by the literary standard of the world. And you must be great in the future by the like means. It is your only hope. High intellectual

and moral attainments depend not upon territorial surface. Attica was not larger than a few of your districts; Tuscany is a mere strip of territory at the foot of the Appenines; the great German universities have sprung up out of kingdoms and dukedoms, which should have those titles only by courtesy; England herself, with her vast resources and her centuries of literary fame, is no larger than my adopted State. Although you occupy but an inconsiderable space upon the map of the world; although your population is but limited, and is not likely very much to increase, yet you have that from the past which can lead you on to a greatness higher than you have yet attained. It is useless for you to enter upon the race of physical greatness; you have neither the position nor the taste for it. Your inheritance, and your gifts should follow your inheritance, is that of refinement, of culture, of high integrity—the noblest inheritance a people could desire. You must continue to be great as your fathers were, or you will not be great at all; great in statesmanship, great in oratory, great in the philosophy of law and government, great in council. The cast of your mind—for there is a national as well as an individual mind—is not suited to a fast age. The mind of my dear native land, if I may presume to speak of that which I have looked at from an inward and an outward experience, is an analytical mind, earnest in its purposes, ever searching after principles, and, withal, severe in its taste. Reality and truth are what you care for, and these, if earnestly followed after, will carry you to the very loftiest attainments in letters and in art.

And if any people ever needed the very highest culture, it is we, the people of the South. We need it not only for our practical defence, but for the maintenance of our position among the nations of the

earth. The time has passed when a people might wrap itself up in the consciousness of its integrity, and brave the world. In former days each nation stood apart, and, when it was separated by distance from another, cared but little for its opinion. But now the whole world is so knit together by the interests of commerce, by the annihilation of distance, by the rapid transmission of news, by the incessant circulation of thought, that its judgment can be concentrated upon any people with fearful rapidity and terrible power. It is no longer possible to keep without the sphere of the world's influence—to build a Chinese wall around our peculiarities. We are in the world, and of the world. The discoveries of physical science have placed us there, whether we choose to be or not, and all we do, and all we are, we are and do “before all Israel and before the Sun.” It is idle to say that we care nothing for man's opinion. We must care for it; every man of true sensibility feels that he is obliged to care for it. No one is indifferent about being under the ban of the world. And our position is, just now, a most peculiar one. We are connected by race, by color, by language, by literature, by a common Christianity, with the best toned and cultured people of the earth, but because we maintain the institutions of our fathers, that world is attempting to sink us to a lower level than themselves. And we are playing most successfully into their hands. If we earnestly desired to throw away all our privileges, we could not better do it than by the course we are pursuing. We are permitting all our wealth, which are the sinews of intellectual as well as of physical warfare, to flow unresistingly into their hands. We are willing to derive all our culture, of whatever kind, from them, and thus acknowledge our dependence. We take,

like passive children, their publications, and feed our young upon them, even though the deadliest poison of infidelity and moral corruption be mingled in them. We build up their marts of business, their schools of learning, their resorts of fashion and of health, and permit our own to languish and to die. And when we have done all this, the thanks we get are taunts for our lack of culture, are curses upon an institution which is obliged to bear the brunt of our folly and our indifference.

How is this condition of things to be remedied? Its solution is the simplest in the world. By keeping our wealth at home among ourselves, by circulating it in the channels of our own enterprises, by covering our land with the materials of culture, by supplying our young with the apparatus of learning, by training our sons to the pursuit of specialties, by sternly determining so to work our advantages as that they shall advance our own glory and vindicate our position. And all this can we do without injury or even offence to anybody, for it is only in accordance with the declaration of the Bible, which tells us, "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." And what is true of the individual, is true of the State, which is the common father of us all. Where are we to look, but to ourselves? Upon whom to depend, but upon our own wisdom and the God of justice?

And we occupy the very proudest position for high culture that a people can occupy. Struggle as the nations of the earth may, we have them, if but true to ourselves, within our control. For we not only possess that portion of the earth, the temperate zone, which gives us a climate and a soil securing to us the most indispensable staples of food and clothing for the world, but we have an arrange-

ment of labor, which classifies society in the way best calculated for intellectual cultivation. We are not called upon to labor ourselves, but simply to superintend labor. And that labor is congregated in large masses, and is employed in a familiar and well-arranged routine, so that a personal supervision by the master is required only at intervals. A planter can pursue his inclination for study or travel, for reading or art, for any topic which he may choose to investigate, without any injury to his interests. And out of this condition of society—a society of men of wealth and of leisure—ought to arise that patronage which shall give us men of learning of every kind. Literature always demands two conditions, sympathy and the means of subsistence. Literature is a specialty as well as any one of the professions, and requires a single-hearted devotedness which is incompatible with an empty stomach and a starving family, equally with any other specialty. And for its highest encouragement it must have a fitting audience. Without the appreciation which comes from sympathy it lacks its life-blood. It withers and dies under neglect far more than under criticism. Scott has well struck this chord of feeling, when he brings in, in his lay, the old harper, entering the hall of Newark Castle, scorned and poor, timid and humble, looking for no sympathy in those degenerate days—

He tried to tune his harp in vain—
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
 And gave him heart and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 But when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face and smiled,
 And lightened up his faded eye
 With all a poet's ecstasy.

It is this sympathy of the heart that literature demands. Unless that be accorded, it cannot live and flourish, for

genius is always sensitive, and shrinks from the touch of rudeness or contempt as a virtuous woman shrinks from licentiousness. What gave his inspiration to the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," but the sure consciousness that his own enthusiastic reverence for the heroes of Troy would find its perfect echo in the hearts of their descendants? What was the ever present stimulus of the unrivalled masters of Greek composition but the vision of those audiences of the wise and the heroic men whom the games called up from all the settlements of the Hellenic race? Literature imperatively requires those who will listen, and listen to sympathize. And our arrangement of society will furnish both men who have time to listen, and men who will possess a common interest with those who speak. And, therefore, do I see rising before me—in vision, but not, therefore, the less real—a lofty literature springing out of the very institution which is supposed to deaden our sensibilities and check the current of noble thought. A people having no peculiarities can have no original literature. There must be something more than the refinement arising out of wealth, and the patronage springing from a crowd. There must be some fount of music in the heart—some deep underlying current of national feeling which can be stirred to its depths by the tongue of the orator or the phrenzy of the poet—a chord in the people's heart, which is already in harmony with the genius which is to utter the feelings of that people. And where can you find such a chord in the hearts of men who are forever tied down to a miserable utilitarianism, having no elements but those of profit and loss, of calculation and reckoning? There must be some national bond. And we have that—we men of the South—which enkindles and cherishes the noblest traits of human nature, which brings into exercise the spirit of

dominion, the gentleness of masterhood, the appreciation of liberty, the high sense of honor, the loving heart and the open hand. Out of these will come a true literature. For by literature I do not mean the trash with which we are inundated by the publishing houses of the land, with which our homes are polluted and our very souls disgusted—those trashy magazines—those novels without character, without sentiment, without wit, without even a decent plot—that poetry which has neither soul nor music—that mass of “pedagogik,” as the Germans call it, which is worthless unless it be stolen. But I mean the outpouring of a nation’s heart—the expression, in words, of those feelings which are dearer than life—the utterances which can never die, because they are the transcripts of feelings which are eternal. These outlive all the monuments of the people who has spoken through them. Such poetry as is uttered only once in a nation’s history, an *Iliad*, a *Vision*, a song from the Bard of Avon; such oratory as moves a people to the very bottom of its heart, and makes it rise above all interest and selfishness; such philosophy as is planted upon eternal truth, and is assimilated into the very being of a people. All this will come in its day and generation, and we must work up to it. We must raise the pedestal upon which our prophet shall stand, when he shall arise to speak for us unto the nations.

But a people may be long a great and cultured people before it shall develope a literature. Centuries elapsed before Rome had any, save what was the merest translation from the Greek. Cicero, in his minor tractates, introduces us to the great men of the Roman republic, but chiefly as men of action, or, if men of letters, scorning everything else save the forum and the popular assemblies. And this condition of things arose out of two causes, the

one, because the spirit of the nation was sternly military, and all its talent turned naturally to action, the other, because it was overshadowed by the literature of the Greeks. And when it did develope itself, it came out chiefly in oratory and political history. The really original writers of the Romans were her historians, Livy, Cæsar, Sallust, but, above all, Tacitus, the profound statesman and deep observer of men. Virgil was a mere copyist. The drama was unknown, save in translations or transfusions. The odes of Horace and the love songs of her minor poets, are her best things in that way. And even these were not produced until she had already culminated to her greatness, and the spirit of her institutions was fast exhaling. And just so with us. Precisely these causes are operating to keep us from an immediate literature, and, therefore, is it that I have asked you to discriminate between a high culture and a popular literature. All our talent has been hitherto thrown into action; into war, into the struggle with nature, into politics in its highest sense, into oratory, into those things which leave no record of the men behind them, unless some Cicero arises who shall hand them down to immortality. And we, in like manner, are overshadowed by the literature of our fatherland. The Anglo-Saxon race has made its utterances, and we must abide by them, until such time as some bard, in the distant future, shall sing the glory of our dominion, or utter the curse of prophecy over our ruthless invaders, ere he cast himself headlong to destruction.*

* "Enough for me; with joy I see

The different dooms our fates assign:

Be thine despair, and scepter'd care

To triumph and to die are mine."

He spoke: and headlong from the mountain's height —

Deep in the foaming tide he plunged to endless night.

Gray's Bard.

Before I close this address, I would speak, if possible, to the hearts of these young gentlemen who have done me the honor of bringing me here. I should consider my task unfinished unless I moved you to lofty purposes. The past, of which I have been speaking, is rapidly coming into your keeping, and with you will rest the glory of its preservation or the shame of its extinction. The high culture, the gentle refinement, the proud integrity, the lofty attitude, which have descended from generation to generation, must not suffer eclipse from any indifference or carelessness of yours. You are to be the custodians, not only of the present, but of the past, not only of your own reputations, but of the reputations of your fathers. To fulfill this trust aright you must keep before you a lofty ideal. You must fix your hearts upon the highest excellence, not for the gratification of a paltry vanity, not from a craving after place or power, but that you may set forward truth and virtue in the land, and be worthy to have your names recorded among those who have advanced and blessed their kind. And this you will never do unless you pause upon the threshold of life and consider what it is—how glorious a thing it is to live—to be given the power of stamping yourself upon all who may come after you, of your own people and lineage—to be adopted as the child of other nations, perchance of the world—and then to carry all your culture and use it for God through eternity, if you have used it for him in time! With this view, can you venture to leap with your imperfect knowledge, with your immature conceptions, with your little experience, into the current of life, and presume to give it direction? This is the folly, this the shame of our times; the young contending with the old and striving to push them from their places; presumption

sneering at experience and mocking its counsels. Oh, for the sceptre of some Ulysses, to make the great tears flow down the cheeks of these Thersites', and whip them back to their own ignoble places! The kings of men—those who are kings from mind, from culture, from experience, from wisdom—must have their places in their time, and you must wait until you have proved yourselves worthy to wear their crowns. Be not eager to rush into the eye of the world. Dig deep the foundations of your fame, and when your moment comes, and it comes to every man, you may be prepared to do your part well in the storm of action. True wisdom is compounded of a variety of ingredients. Among these are some which the young but rarely possess, prudence, experience, a willingness to play the Fabian game of a masterly inactivity, and true wisdom is what you should always strive after.

And I would advise you not to fritter away your abilities in attempting too much. It is well, during your collegiate life, that you should be passed through a general curriculum of study, but when you are entering upon life, choose carefully your purpose, and make that a specialty. If you choose law, then be a lawyer—one deserving of that honorable title. If you choose medicine, then be a physician—one capable of holding in your hands the question of life and of death. If you choose divinity, then be a scribe, well instructed in all things pertaining to the relations of man and of God. If you turn to agriculture, then be a planter—one worthy to rule, direct, control. And this will not narrow your minds, for so linked is all knowledge, that very much of it is necessary for every specialty. Cicero has shown you in his works, how, while oratory was his specialty, he could yet adorn it with the highest philosophy

and elevate it above mere rhetoric and words. Now-a-days the names which are illustrious are made illustrious by specialties. Even Humboldt failed when he attempted a *Cosmos*. Bring everything you can to bear upon your specialty, but never smother it under the appendages you gather around it.

One thing more. Our colleges are the means by which you must maintain the culture of the past. They are the nurseries of our knowledge, the armories of our defence, the fountains of our literary excellence. Consider them as sacred. Bear anything, submit to anything, rather than disturb their peace and destroy their usefulness. You cannot be wronged by any injustice so much as you shall wrong yourselves by striking down authority in this seat of learning. Place yourselves firmly upon the principles of law and of order; consider all as the enemies, not only of your individual benefit but as the enemies of the State, who shall even conceive rebellion against the discipline of your Alma Mater. The time is upon us, young gentlemen, when even our boys must strive to exercise the prudence and the wisdom of men—when there can be no more trifling with the march of events—when you must cultivate earnest thought and high resolve. Let not the escutcheon of this, our common Alma Mater, be any more stained with disorder and rebellion. To you is the temple of our learning committed, and if any one would lay sacrilegious hands upon it, count him your enemy, as well as the enemy of the whole South. Learning is a necessity for us all, and he who would plunge into anarchy this seat of civilization and culture, must be ready to bear his heavy reproach and answer for it to his country.

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